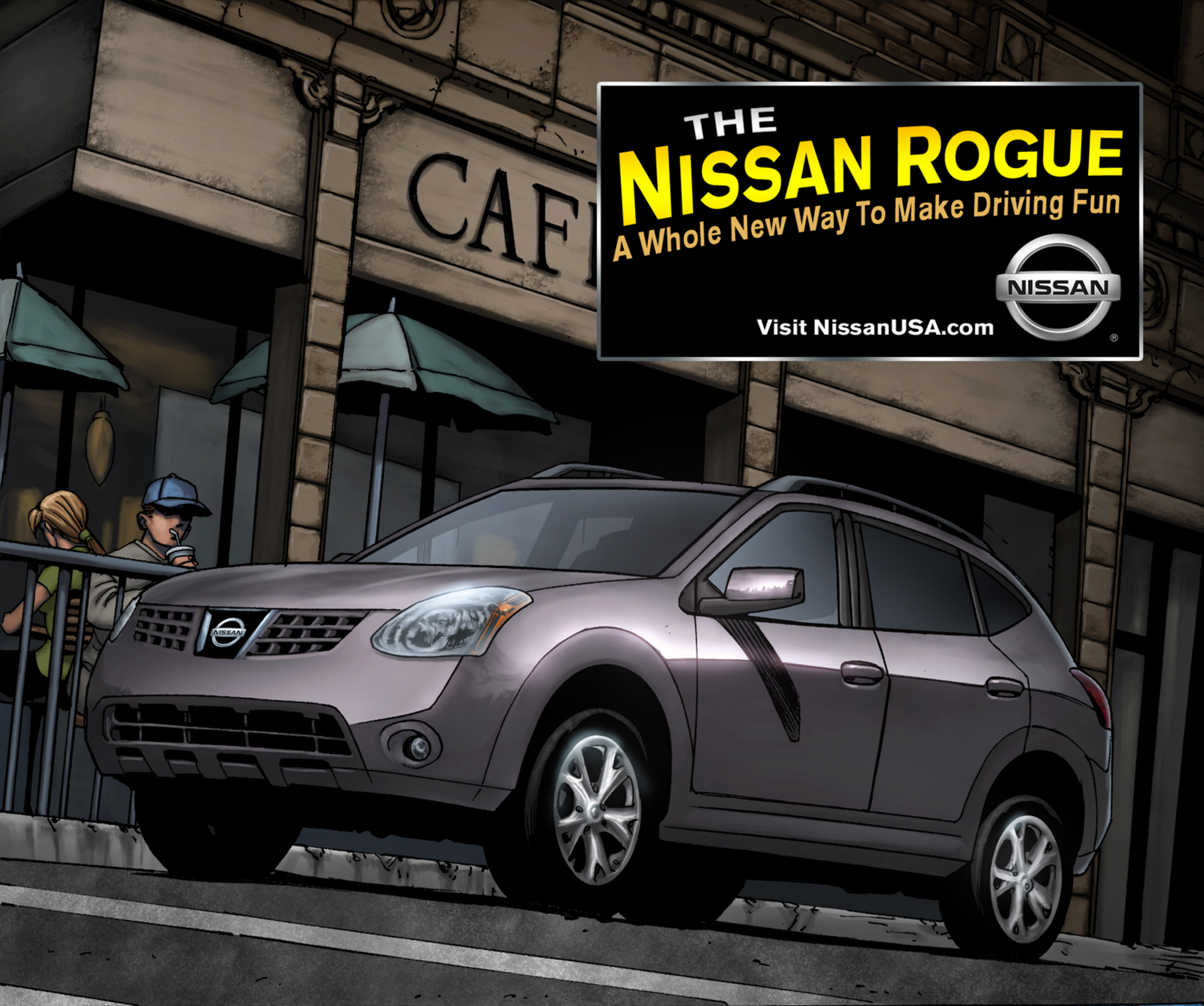


# THE NISSAN ROGUE

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# HEROES

## CHAPTER 107 DOYLE

Eric Doyle has led a quiet life in southern California, mostly alone, save for the company of his beloved marionettes. He drew little attention to himself, yet life seemed to always go his way. That is, until the Company entered his life...





**T**WO YEARS  
AGO...

UGHNPH!



WAIT!  
PLEASE.  
COME  
BACK!

WHERE  
AM I?  
WHY ARE YOU  
DOING THIS  
TO ME?



WHO ARE YOU  
PEOPLE? WHAT AM  
I DOING HERE...

≡HUUURKE≡

≡HUUURKE≡

OH MY  
GOD, PLEASE,  
HELP ME.

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG WITH ME.



THE NAUSEA  
YOU FEEL IS  
TO KEEP YOU...  
COMPLIANT.

UNTIL WE  
FIND A MORE  
PALATABLE  
METHOD OF  
CONTROL.

YOU'LL FEEL  
QUITE ILL, BUT  
YOU WON'T  
ACTUALLY  
VOMIT.

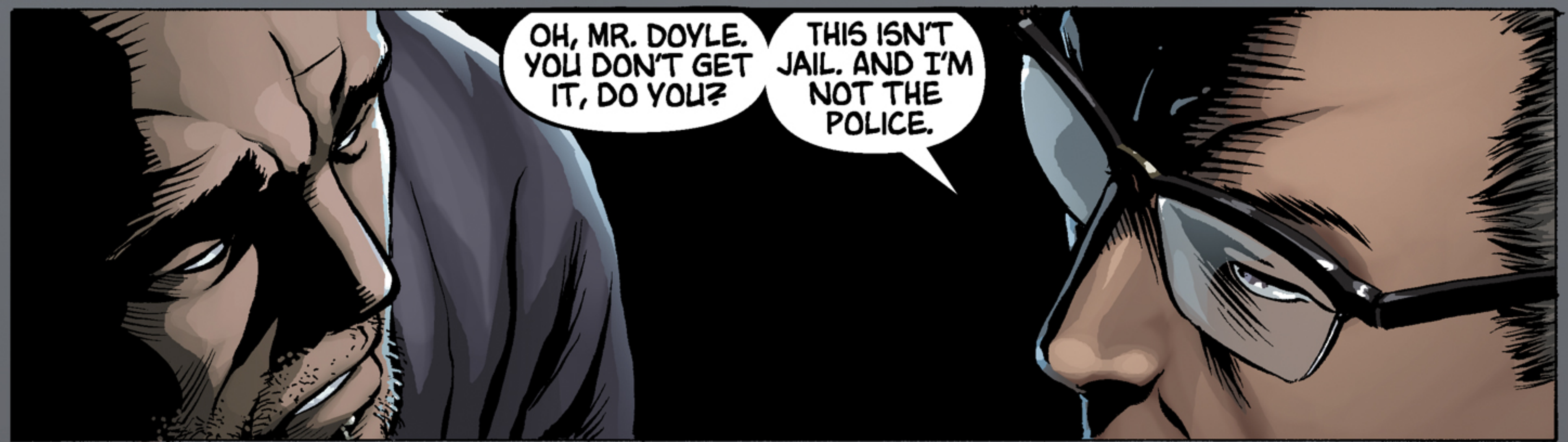
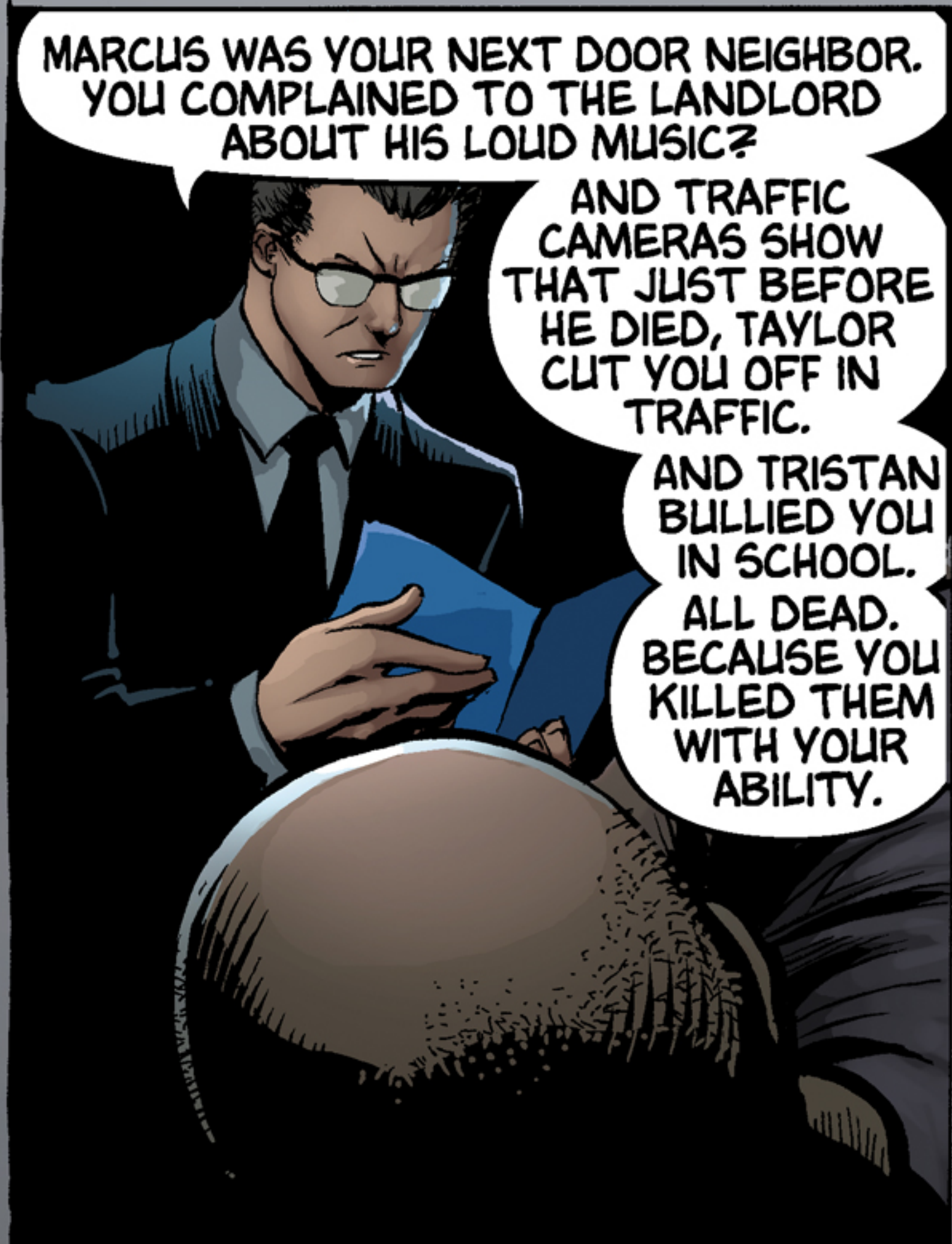
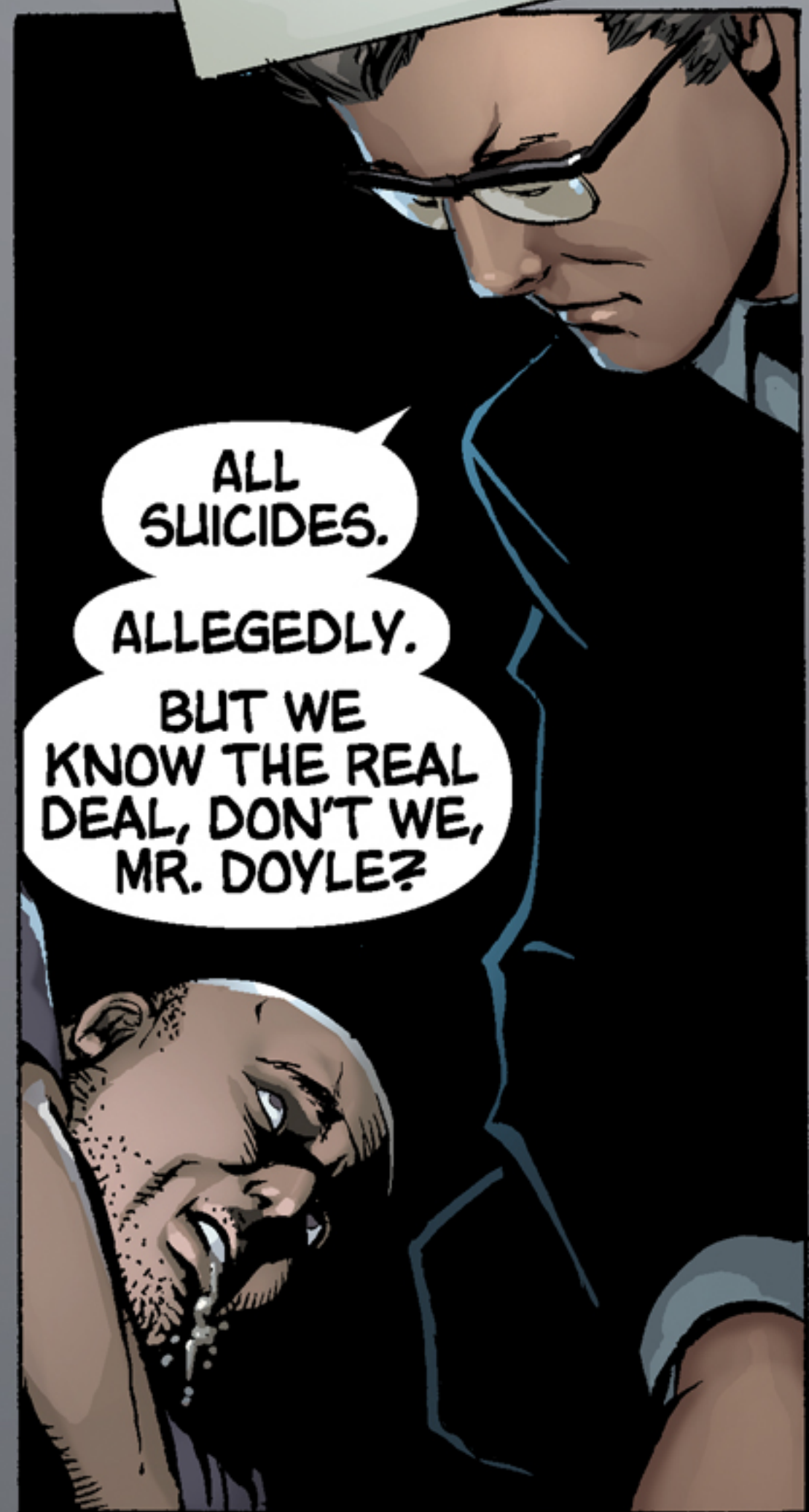
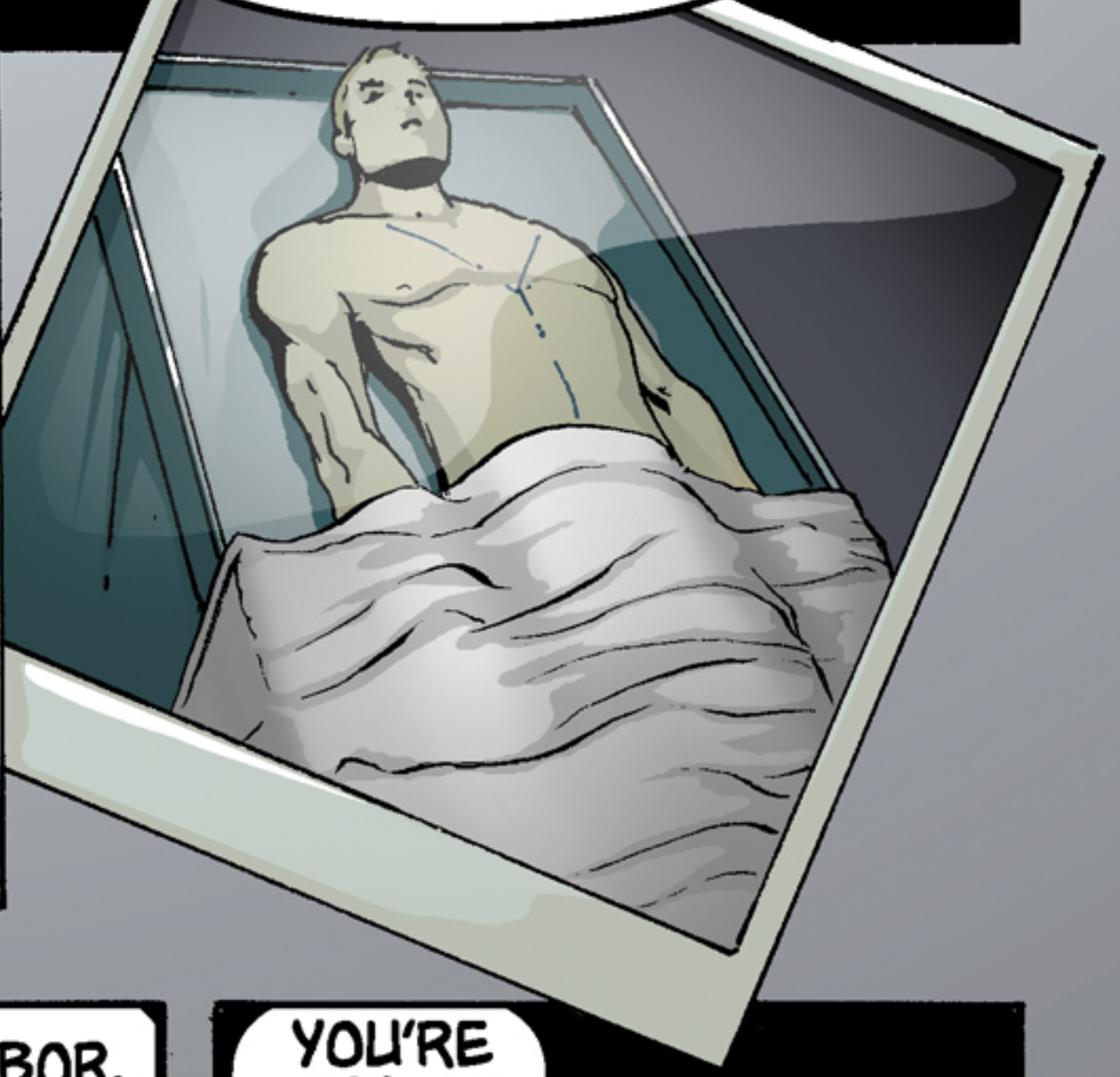
**DOYLE**  
CHUCK KIM  
*Writer*  
MARCUS TO  
*Art*  
BETH SOLETO  
*Colors*  
COMICRAFT  
*Lettering*  
An  
ASPEN MLT INC.  
*Production*

IT SHOULD  
PASS IN A FEW  
HOURS.

IN THE  
MEANTIME,  
PERHAPS WE  
SHOULD GET  
DOWN TO  
BUSINESS?









LATE OCTOBER, 2006,  
TWO YEARS LATER...

OKAY ERIC,  
LUNCH.  
THANK YOU,  
MICHAEL.

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO  
TREATS ME LIKE I'M HUMAN.

LIKE I'M NOT  
SOME SORT OF  
CRIMINAL.

THAT'S  
BECAUSE THEY'RE  
AFRAID OF YOU. THE  
OTHER AGENTS.

THEY  
THINK YOU'RE EVIL.

THEY LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT  
TOO. THE AGENTS WITHOUT  
AN ABILITY.

ONLY THEY HAVE  
TO PRETEND THEY  
DON'T RESENT  
ME TOO.

ESPECIALLY NOAH BENNET.  
I JUST FOUND OUT EDEN  
DIED TODAY.

RUMOR  
HAS IT HE  
LET SYLAR  
KILL HER.

MY GOD.

THAT'S WHAT  
HAPPENS WHEN  
YOU'RE "ONE OF  
THEM" AND HIS  
PARTNER.

JUST  
BECAUSE  
WE'RE...  
SPECIAL.

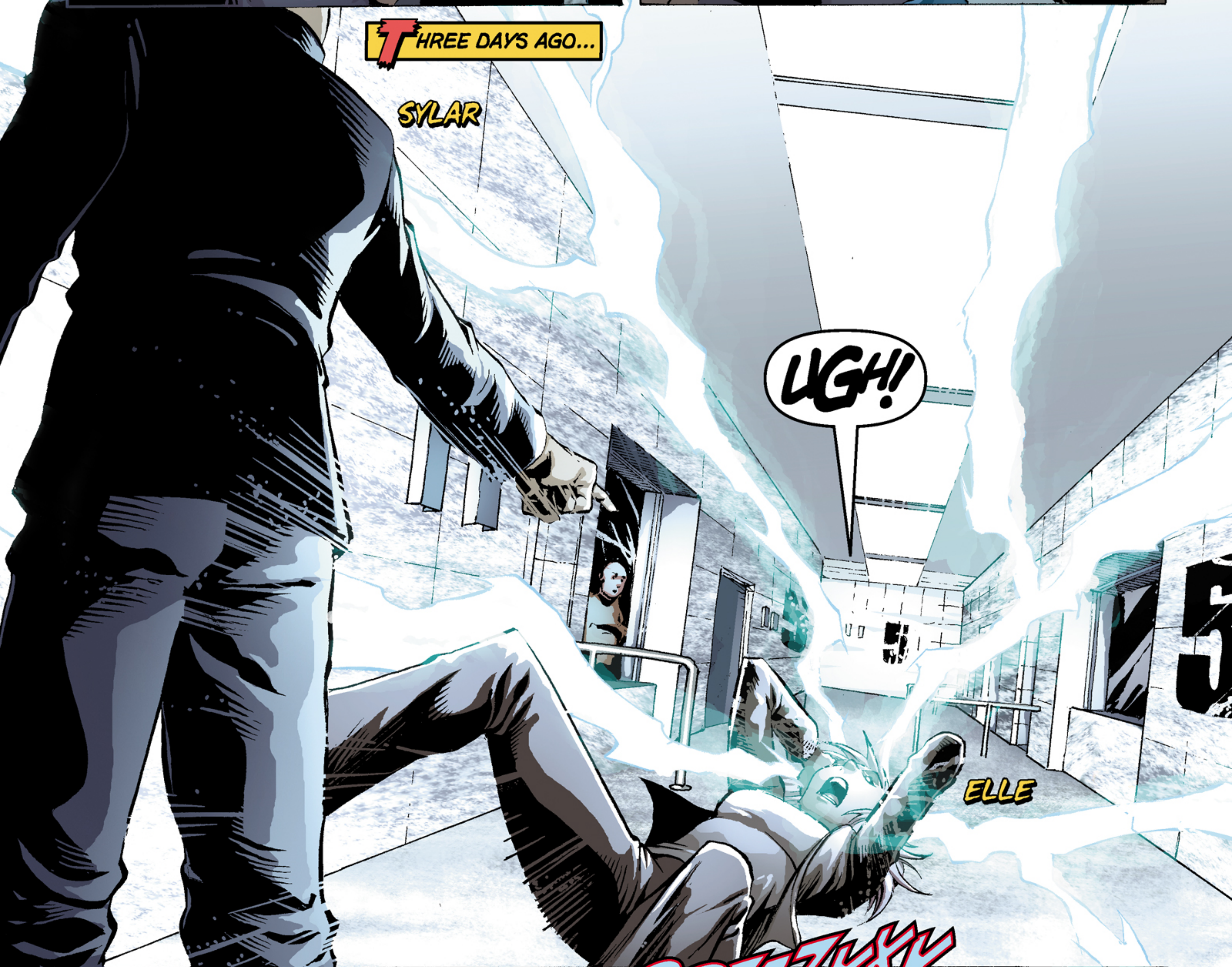
THEN WHY DO YOU STAY HERE?  
IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE YOU  
WANT TO BE HERE.

IT SOUNDS  
LIKE YOU HATE  
IT HERE.

BECAUSE IN THIS  
COMPANY...

IF YOU'RE  
NOT WITH THEM,  
YOU'RE AGAINST  
THEM.









**AROOGH AROOGH AROOGH AROOGH**



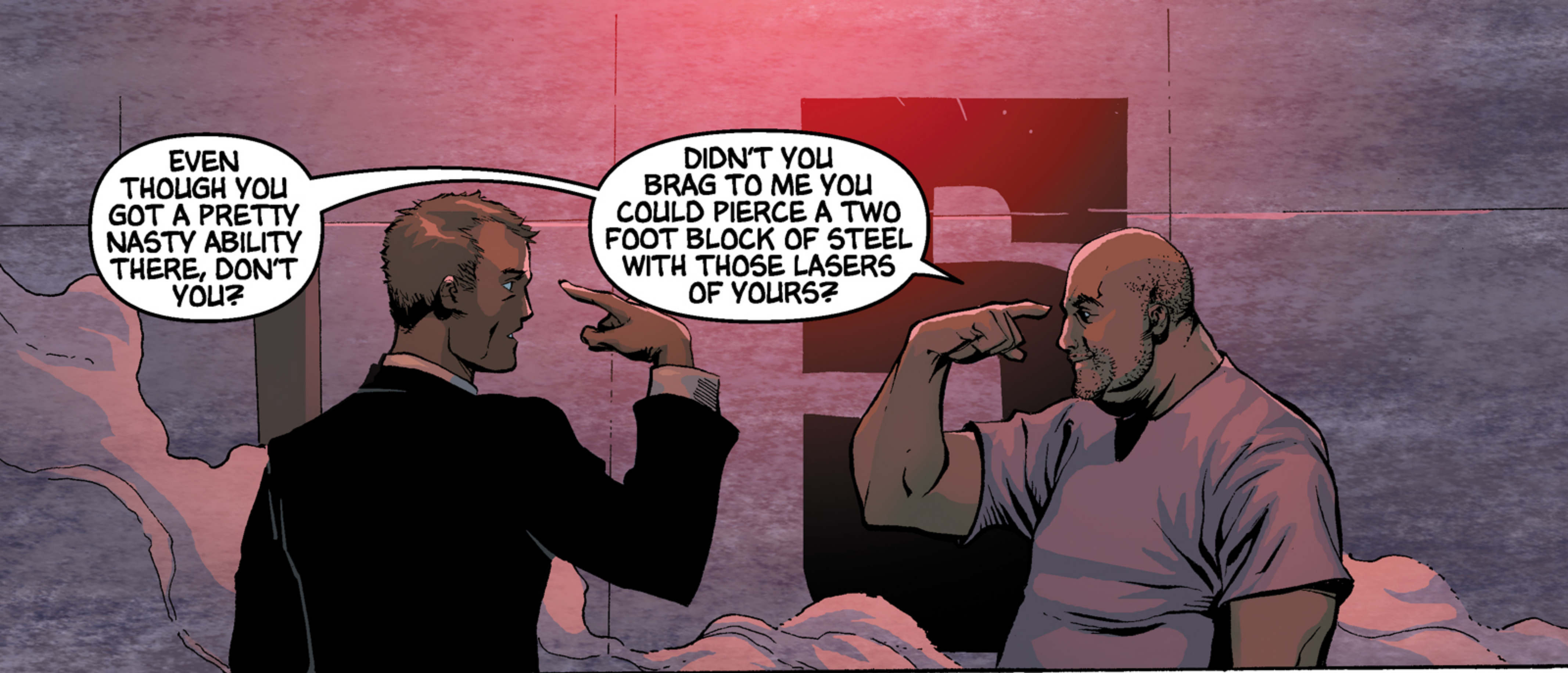
FREEZE DOYLE!  
DON'T MAKE ME  
KILL YOU!

MICHAEL.



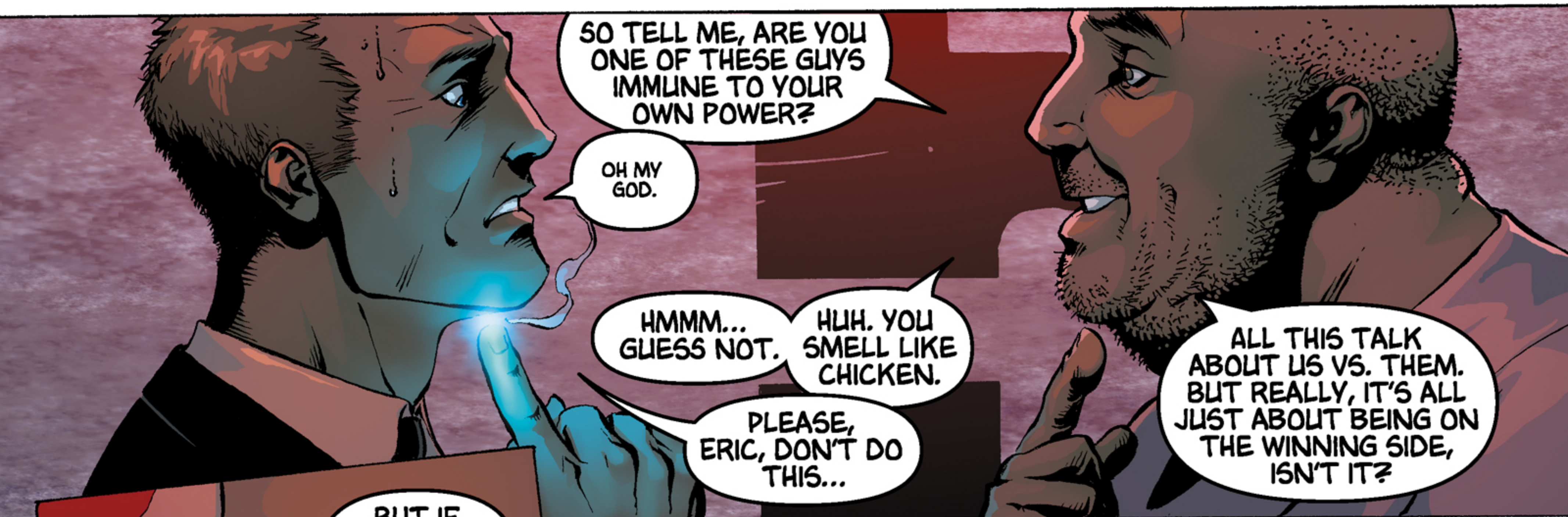
DON'T  
WORRY. WITH THAT  
LITTLE MODULE  
SHORTED OUT...  
YOU CAN'T.





EVEN  
THOUGH YOU  
GOT A PRETTY  
NASTY ABILITY  
THERE, DON'T  
YOU?

DIDN'T YOU  
BRAG TO ME YOU  
COULD PIERCE A TWO  
FOOT BLOCK OF STEEL  
WITH THOSE LASERS  
OF YOURS?



SO TELL ME, ARE YOU  
ONE OF THESE GUYS  
IMMLINE TO YOUR  
OWN POWER?

OH MY  
GOD.

HMMM...  
GUESS NOT.

HUH. YOU  
SMELL LIKE  
CHICKEN.

PLEASE,  
ERIC, DON'T DO  
THIS...

ALL THIS TALK  
ABOUT US VS. THEM.  
BUT REALLY, IT'S ALL  
JUST ABOUT BEING ON  
THE WINNING SIDE,  
ISN'T IT?

BUT IF  
I *HAD* BEEN  
GIVEN THE  
CHOICE...

...I STILL  
WOULD HAVE  
BEEN AGAINST  
THEM.



**ZAM**